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tone as a picture can be. The other great Fortuny is the "Algerian Snake-charmer." He is a flexible, half-nude young fellow, lying on his breast on a rug; the snake, very flat on the ground, and apparently crawling before the eye, yawns in front, within a few inches of his head. A spectrally lean old Arab, his valuable countenance hooded in invisibility, squats just beyond, and a secretary-bird, or something of that kind, with a long, stiff leg, and a beak like a butcher's knife meditates in front. The effect is a sombre twilight one, and the striped tents lie in the distance like a mountain range. This is still more a masterpiece of pure technic than the first; the flatness with which the foreground figure lies on that lean stomach of his, the ease with which the bones of his legs roll from their sockets over one another as they cross, are all understood by a sapient doctor of design. This is one of the achievements that the nineteenth century may confidently put beside any old master of the past.

The best of the Boldinis is almost up to the first-named Fortunys. It represents French washer-women kneeling at the river; the retrogressive of their figures in perspective, as they crouch in a curved line along the circling bank, is admirable—they are so well in place, and so solidly placed on the ground. The white lumps of cloud-dissolving in the intense ether like loaf-sugar in the blue flame of brandy-coffee, are equally successful as these of the "Portici," though with less ease and carelessness in manner of painting. And the Boldini represents, "The Park of Versailles in the Eighteenth Century," with gallants making a leg to fine ladies in sedan chairs. The modish insincerity of their poses takes away from the seeming merit of an artist who really can design the figure very well. The décolleté necks and pinchable little arms of these microscopic puppets show great mastery of flesh-quality, and the blue glint of reflected light from the foliage is a bit of nature-truth that nobody began to see till the "Spanish-Roman" school arose.

But this preparatory article, unsatisfactory from the very nature of matters, may as well here close. It is only fit to read as a foretaste of things better yet to be. Remembering that the great "1807" of Meissonier, and a host of other important works, are yet to come, the Cicero withdraws promptly, saving for himself, this time, at least, the grace of modesty and curt expression. The heavy artillery is all in the rear. CICCERONE.

Art in Boston.

BOSTON, April 9.

THE handsome, ruddy façade of the Museum of Fine Arts—the latest born pet of our aristocracy of Culture—is now completed, and the effect in this climate on the decoration of a large building with terra-cotta may be determined. Unlike Trinity Church, (built by Richardson and decorated by Cottier and LaFarge of your city),—its vis-à-vis over the square and the rival new show piece of odd and sumptuous architecture in the fashionable Back Bay or West End of Boston—the Art Museum is wholly of Boston conception and execution. The inspiration undoubtedly came from England, from the Kensington influence, whence indeed all this hopeful renaissance—of which you, dear AMATEUR, are the latest fruit—has undoubtedly sprung. The architects were Sturgis and Brigham, the first named of whom has many relations with England through his family; his younger brother was the author of the charming social story in Blackwood a while ago, "John a Dreams," and spends half his time in the old country. We pride ourselves on our English blood in Boston, and take kindly to anything authentically English. We had the now pervasive "Pinafore" months before it was ever—or hardly ever—heard of in New York, and we have, I think, the first terra-cotta building in America. As laid into the brick walls of the Museum in broad entablatures, enclosing, in two of the main panels, large bas-reliefs of allegorical designs, it has the effect at a little distance of a rich pigment, and the ornate and warm-colored surface thus produced conveys the idea of a great casket or treasure-house, embellished according to the preciousness of its contents. Seen through the vista of one of the broad streets of opulent residences, it glows afar off with the deep red which the English school of decorative art has taught us to admire, and to which we are taking with heartiness after our long, thin diet on Puritan grays and whites. The architecture has that greatest of all architectural merits of telling at once the purpose of the building. Only one side of the hollow square which it will form when completed is now finished. The last half of this side—the front—was added during the past year. The Museum trustees one day last Spring announced that they would like \$100,000 for this purpose, and \$125,000 were subscribed within a week.

The Museum management is particularly partial to your special branch of art, Mr. Editor, decorative art as distinguished from painting. Our painters have never been pleased with the amount of money and attention lavished by the Museum on textile fabrics—"stuffs and nonsense," as they call them. I suspect the fact that a little money goes a great way towards filling walls and cases is at the bottom of this partiality, and that the Museum depends upon the bequests of our wealthy private picture owners to find it in paintings by-and-by, though, indeed, it possesses a very tolerable representation of each of the great schools of painting, in some two hundred works, ancient and modern, from Rubens to Duveneck. But it is really strong in tapestry, Persian fabrics, embroideries, altar cloths, stalls, old sculptured wood, (one room is entirely fitted around in carved oak of the sixteenth century, giving the upper and lower panels, ceiling, moulding, cornice, figures, etc., of an old English manor hall), porcelain cloisonné, Japanese and Chinese art and bric-à-brac, in rich profusion. Three magnificent specimens of tapestry, once the property of King Louis Philippe, two of them twenty feet by twelve, one worth a journey to see. The Flemish tapestry, arras and Gobelin are also famous pieces.

The schools of the Museum have the basement rooms for work, and the run of the whole Museum and its treasures for inspiration—"the atmosphere of art" and models. There are schools of drawing and painting, day and evening, for drawing from the cast and the model (made for the men's night classes), and schools of art needlework, carving, modeling, china and tile painting, and lace making. The school of painting and drawing has had about 170 pupils, and that of art needlework 184. A committee of artists skilled in crewel work selects the designs employed in the latter school. The pupils are admitted on consideration that they work a length of time equal to their instruction on orders for embroidery. Some of the work of this school goes to adorn Newport villas the coming season. The carving in wood and stone here is quite different from that practised in the Cincinnati school, eschewing the flat and superficial, and pushing boldly for the high relief employed in sumptuous carved furniture and statuary. The school of modeling in clay is under the instruction of no less an artist than Dr. Rimmer, who has no superior as a lecturer on art anatomy in the world.

The painting and drawing classes also have admission to his lectures, but are under the direct instruction of Prof. Otto Grundmann, a native of Dresden and a graduate of the Antwerp school, assisted by Mr. Stone, of the Munich school, and others. This reminds me that you in New York, who have been incautiously admiring Messrs. Shirlaw, Chase, Duveneck, and the rest of the Munich school, must make haste to educate your opinions to the standard of the latest dicta from Boston, viz.: that nothing good can come out of Germany. Mr. Fred. P. Vinton, of this city, who has made the art sensation of the season here, in a dashing portrait of Thomas G. Appleton, a local Mécenas of art (purchaser the other day in New York of the Janagra figurines, which are now in our Art Museum, the gem of its already good collection of Greek statuary, in casts), made the following pronouncement, in a Saturday-night lecture before the Boston Art Club, last month:

"Muncacsy has profited by his long residence in France, to break away, in a measure, from German influence, and he is the greatest of them all. Makart's great, false decorative machines inspire me with such a repugnance, that I am prepared to say that I consider them the most vicious things in modern art. Germany never has produced many great painters—I had almost said none at all; but Holbein was a German and Dürer also. Menzel, Knaus, Diez, Richter, Achenbach, Gebhardt, Piloty, Deffregger, Max, Leibl, and so on through the list, are one and all mediocre, by comparison. This may seem an unfair estimate of the art work of a great country like Germany. I simply give it as my opinion, although I know it to be held by a great number of the best French masters, and by most of the clever painters I have met. Good reasons can be found, I think, for holding such opinions on German art. I do not care to go deeper into the subject than to state a few facts, which seem to me to be obvious, in looking carefully at their art exhibit. First, they seem to try in their ambitious works to express more than art is capable of expressing—a kind of illustrated metaphysical literature; and in works of lower order, they hardly ever rise above an anecdote. This makes a pleasant genre school, and all Germany is overrun with pictures of cottage life—wherein the painter thinks more of telling his little story than of painting well; and I cannot be far wrong in saying that one picture of this kind is a type of the whole class, and serves as a good example of the general coloring and manner of

treatment. Very fine drawing is rarely met with in this kind of art, and conventionalisms of every kind abound."

It is but just to add that Mr. Vinton divided his three or four years abroad about equally between Paris and Munich, and that his portrait of "Tom" Appleton partakes both of Munich and Bonnat, and is as "solid" and vivid a head as one often sees, only *too* clever and "bragging" in technic.

But Wm. M. Hunt, once a pupil of Couture and field-comrade of Millet, is our great prophet in art. He opened his studio to the public last week, and there were to be seen the sketches for his great work at Albany, and photographs of the completed cartoons in the Capitol there. The verdict of connoisseurs here is (without seeing the color on the walls of the Capitol) that Hunt has achieved his own masterpiece in this work, and that the "representations are connecting links between the art of the old world and that of the new."

The coming event in art here is the joint exhibition in the new wing of the Art Museum, by the Boston Art Club and the Museum. We hear of many contributions from your New York artists. It is a pity we could not secure the transfer of the Artists' League Exhibition hither from Philadelphia, to help wake up our lagging young men and shake up our conservative old ones. The picture sales by the former, show most of them to be trudging along dismally and mechanically in their old ruts. The spirit of the latter is illustrated in the incident that the only new thing in the way of paintings which is to celebrate the house-warming in the new wing of the Museum is the christening of one of the rooms the "Allston" room—Allston, the decadence of whose fame the latest "artist biography" only hastens—and the turning of the present hall for painting over to the eternal "textile fabrics."

GRETA.

THE RESTORATION OF PRINTS.

The following is a simple but effectual remedy for cleaning or restoring engravings which have been injured by age, damp, or other cause: Provide two soft sponges, and then selecting a flat surface—a table, or, if available, a marble slab—place thereon a sheet of white paper larger than the print about to be treated. Take the engraving and carefully damp it on both sides with a wet sponge. Fill a pint measure with cold water, and in this put some chloride of lime and oxalic acid in nearly equal proportions; but it will be seen when the mixture is right, from the fact of the liquid turning magenta color.

With this mixture well saturate the injured engraving, continuing the application until every mark or stain is removed, and then sponge off freely with pure cold water.

This, in all ordinary cases, will be found to be a remedy as certain as it is easy of application; and, although, in our experience, we find it better afterwards to mount the engraving on calico, on a stretching frame, that, of course, is an optional process.

Art Notes.

HOME.

A daughter of Innes, the artist, is to be married to Hartley, the sculptor.

S. G. W. Benjamin one of our cleverest marine painters, by his literary contributions to the magazines, is also proving himself to be an agreeable writer.

Ezekiel, the Virginia sculptor, has designed a colossal bronze bust for the John Hopkins monument in Baltimore. The whole monument will be fifteen feet high.

D. W. Tryon, the Hartford artist, now in Paris, sent a capital picture, "Twilight over the Meadows," to the late exhibition of the Society of American Artists in this city.

The spring exhibition of the Brooklyn Art Association opened on April 23, to continue for two weeks. There is no charge for admission, except during the first three days.

Frank M. Boggs, whose contribution to the last Brooklyn exhibition drew down the critics upon his devoted head, is about to sail for Europe. He will probably remain in Paris until September.

Matthew Wilson, of Philadelphia, is painting a full length portrait of Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, under Thomas Jefferson. The portrait is to be hung in the Treasury Department at Washington.

Strafford Newmarch, an English artist, who has been one of the Brooklyn colony for a year or so, has finished a charming little rustic scene of the Hudson: a brook rattling down a stony descent on its way to the river.